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THE  
SCHUYLKILL

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“FROM SCENES OF UNDULATING CHARM.”



# THE SCHUYLKILL.

A CENTENNIAL POEM.

BY

M. K. C.

*Charles K. Mills*



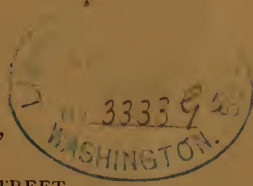
“IS VALLEY FORGE—WHOSE LANDSCAPE BRIGHT  
KNEW ONCE A DARKLY WARLIKE SIGHT.”

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TO  
HIS PARENTS,  
WHOSE LIVES HAVE BEEN CHIEFLY SPENT  
NEAR THE BANKS OF THE SCHUYLKILL,  
THIS POEM IS DEDICATED  
BY THE AUTHOR.





## THE SCHUYLKILL.

---

### I.

**A**S one who first attempts a feat—  
To which, too ardent, he aspires,  
And which both skill and strength requires—  
Discerns his heart in tumult beat,  
While faints his spirit at the thought  
Of danger in the doing fraught ;  
So I, with throbbing, sinking soul,  
Assume the poet's daring role,  
And, with my powers of humble meed,  
Essay to sing the stream and shore,  
Sung by the heaven-tipped pen of Moore,  
Touched by the magic wand of Read.<sup>1</sup>

I linger o'er the sacred strain  
Of Babel's streams and captive train ;

With Christ the Jordan's banks I rove,  
With Horace, tawny Tiber love ;  
With Scott, abide by Teviot's tide,  
With stricken Gray, by Luggie's side ;  
But garlanded by pleasures flown,  
    Endeared by recollections sweet,  
    The Schuylkill's name I most repeat  
With accent fond and tender tone ;  
Beyond all streams that lands can boast,  
I most repeat, and love the most.  
To hymn its praise I weave this rhyme  
In little scattered spots of time ;  
And memories, as grows the strain,  
Ride down the highways of my brain.  
They come sometimes with fume and swing  
Of troopers madly galloping ;  
    Sometimes with tread funereal ;  
    Sometimes with gentle rise and fall  
Of pleasure-party cantering.

## II.

Swift thought sometimes, on song-plumed wing,  
    May wisely backward take its flight,





“THE GOUTY BRIDGE, MOSS-GROWN AND GRAY,  
BECOMES THE ANCIENT COVERED WAY  
TO FEUDAL CASTLE, GRIM AND HOAR,  
OF WHICH IN MARMION I HAD READ,  
THE PRINT-WORKS ON THE FARTHER SHORE  
FOR CASTLE SERVING HAPPY STEAD.”

And retrospective brightness bring,  
The darkened present to delight.  
Half watchful, half in reverie,  
I sit 'neath willow canopy,  
A child again. My feet I lave  
Within the nearest rippling wave ;  
My old straw hat, with tattered rim,  
I toss about in sportive whim.  
To love precocious in my head  
Respond the charms around me spread ;  
My mind the dreamer's fancy dons—  
A flock of geese sail softly by,  
Which, viewing with expanding eye,  
Are quick transformed to graceful swans ;  
The passing barge and pilot boat  
Gondolas gay of Venice float,  
And far St. James' bells to me  
Are "chimes of Shandon on the Lee."  
The gouty bridge, moss-grown and gray,  
Becomes the ancient covered way  
To feudal castle, grim and hoar,  
Of which in *Marmion* I had read,  
The print-works on the farther shore



For castle serving happy stead :  
And now the boat-horn's note of cheer,  
Which sudden smites the gladdened ear,  
Well answers, in my childish view,  
For blast of valiant Rhoderic Dhu.  
O, long-wrought, mellow bugle-note !  
Poured as from god of music's throat,  
How often since, in city den,  
Thee have I longed to hear again !  
Thou wast the jocund herald, then,  
Of slow-paced, broad-prowed, homely barge,,  
Which hugged the river's western marge,  
And now, clear-pictured, comes to me—  
Canal-boat quaint ! rude argosy !—  
Scarce known to paint, save where I scan  
The name of "JANE," or "MARY ANN."  
Its helmsman has that owl-like look,  
Which says, "I know each rock and crook";  
Upcurls a smoke-wreath from the spot  
Where stirs the dame a savory pot ;  
Or lachrymates o'er soap-suds hot ;  
While gaily in the breezes fly  
The washed clothes, hung around to dry ;:

On tow-path hobble mules grotesque,  
Raw-boned, with many a scar o'erlaid,  
Urged on by hoarse-voiced boy, arrayed  
In scanty garments picturesque.

## III.

Above the bridge, I see the reach  
Of gently-sloping silver beach,  
Which, with amphibious comrades gay,  
I sought, as often was our wont,  
For 'twas our chosen swimming haunt,  
One well-remembered August day:  
Whence, answering to the taunt and prank  
Of naked elfs on western bank,  
I fiercely swam, too soon to find  
My unnursed muscles failing fast,  
While slimy weeds my limbs entwined,  
And clutched me with their fingers dank.  
For help divine above I cast  
One look, and one for friends behind;  
I struggled towards the nearest pier,  
But 'twas too far although so near—  
And o'er me closed the waters clear,

While round my slow-dissolving sight  
Dispread a lovely haze of light:

Nor more I knew ; but oft the rest

From other lips has come to me :

How from the wharf, on saving quest,

A fisherman pulled lustily ;

How, bending down, out by the hair

He dragged me to the vital air,

And then with sturdy, swift strokes bore

My prone-placed body to the shore,

Where half the village gathered were,

So fast had flown ill messenger ;

How plied were quick restoratives,

With loving hands and hearts of care,

And many an upward-lifted prayer,

Till went the whisper round, "*He lives!*"

To me the lesson of that day—

For ill's the wind that blows no good—

Has often for a blessing stood :

Who would ambition's voice obey,

And broad streams cross, a goal to win,

With moderation must begin

His toilsome task ; with frugal art  
His strength must foster from the start ;  
Must not too eagerly respond  
    To those, who, from gained shores and heights,  
    With siren sounds and luring lights,  
Are beckoning to the beyond.

IV.

Some Summer nights of long ago  
    Come back ; dear forms before me glide,  
    As I recall the moonlit tide,  
Where glanced we on in light bateau.  
What happy times ! Our narrow boat  
    Made nestling close compulsion sweet ;  
    Perhaps some lips might blundering meet,  
Some arm by chance surround a throat.  
We sang soft songs of sentiment,  
Or martial notes of gun and tent,  
Or of the stars bright shining o'er us,  
Or, *Row, boys, Row!* in hearty chorus ;  
Or, hushed by nearness of the dead,  
By Laurel Hill we silent sped,  
The while skimmed o'er the waters still

The dipping tow-line's ghostly trill.  
Or, up the stream our prow inclined,  
The village lights are left behind,  
And by the meadow now we wind—  
The meadow where, in time of war,  
White tents and camp-fires gleamed afar,  
To whose indented, tree-fringed shore,  
I frequent sailed with comrades dear,  
Though each a boyish buccaneer,  
To raid upon the orchard near—  
Through inky shadows of the grove,  
With rapid strokes next on we clove;  
    Just making momentary pause,  
While, with our straining sight, we strove  
    To pierce black Witsahickon's jaws;  
Then off to watch wierd figures go  
Round clanging Pencoyd's lurid glow.

## V.

Hibernal scenes before me pass,  
    From either bank has grown a hand,  
    With which the land doth clasp the land,  
    And a fraternal crystal band

Has changed the stream to floor of glass,  
On which move fearlessly about,  
With laugh and shout, a sportive rout.  
Skilled skaters blend in wondrous maze,  
    With poise and stroke of nimble ease,  
    Describing curious trceries  
Of form and figure, word and phrase ;  
Awakening in juniors by  
Ambitious wish *their* skill to try.  
One, fiercely burning to be smart,  
Who lightly holds the agile art,  
Uplifts his foot with graceful jerk,  
    And takes with sudden jar his seat,  
While youthful wags around him smirk,  
    And urge the trial to repeat.  
Beneath the bridge, where menacing  
    Hang icy spears—with eager zeal,  
    Accordant curving every keel—  
A chain of comrades onward swing.  
Along the central channel, free  
    By quick consent of one and all,  
Bold boys, in heated rivalry,  
    With shinnies drive the flying ball ;

While shoreward, maidens coast and slide,  
And close their careless steps beside,  
    Some ancient spinsters, prim and staid,  
    Who by odd chance have hither strayed,  
With screams hysteric, shuffling glide.

But gone these pleasures, later spreads  
    A rugged landscape cold and drear,  
Of icy boulders, slabs and beds,  
    Which shapes fantastically queer  
Assume—of castellated pile,  
And rocky ridge, and peak, and isle;  
And 'mid which, born of sun-shot lance,  
Which strikes the crystal shields askance,  
Prismatic colors gleam and glance:—  
A scene to arctic type so near  
This frozen prospect doth appear,  
That one begins to wonder where,—  
    While round his eyes inquiring go,—  
Are walrus, seal, and polar bear,  
    And squatty, skin-clad Esquimaux.

Now, swollen by the melted snow,  
    And loosed by rain and warmth, the rills.



Are dashing down the oozing hills,  
And shouting to the river, "Flow!"  
As lion held by jungle's thong,  
By many a savage struggle long,  
At last obtains his liberty;  
    And roars and leaps across the plain,  
    With shake and toss of tawny mane;  
So, soon by efforts fierce, set free,  
Our stream unmanacled shall be:  
    For now I hear its wrathful tongue,  
    Hoarse-uttered from its ice-choked lung,  
And rock-like, moving masses see;  
Which now advance, and now retreat;  
    Here, form across the stream a dam;  
    There, into huge confusion jam;  
    With fury rending every toil,  
    Now eddying, foam, and seethe, and boil,  
And forward bound with motion fleet.  
Thus Spring, a giant young and bold,  
Unhands old Winter's weakened hold,  
And bids the unchained waters pour  
Again along each brightening shore.

## VI.

Amid the hills of Anthracite—  
Potential fruit of ancient light—  
Flow streams begun in sundered springs:  
At first diverse their wanderings;  
But soon, to seek the Delaware,  
They sheaf into one channel fair,  
Which bears the yield of stalk and vine,  
Black treasure of the shafted mine,  
Metallic wealth and minerals,  
And stone to build our homes and halls:  
One channel fair, which spurns amain  
    Its natal mountains shadowy,  
To cleave bucolic Berks in twain,  
And lapse by hill, and slope, and plain,  
    Of Chester and Montgomery;  
By uplands lapse where fir and pine,  
In glaucous, gloomy beauty shine,  
And where the rhododendron bright  
Displays its banner to the light:  
By lowlands, where, with open lap,  
    Is welcomed Perkiomen's wave,  
Sent down from ringing hills of trap—

From home of Audubon, and grave  
Of Muhlenberg, the parson brave:<sup>2</sup>  
Still on through shale and sandstone red,  
Through serpentine and marble bed;  
By cliffs of slippery steatite,  
Which gaping Earth reveals to sight;  
By rude-built, poison-breathing kiln,  
By blazing forge and rolling-mill.

## VII.

Once, in our land's heroic time,  
This stream knew deeds and woes sublime.  
Around its hamlets linger yet  
The names of Wayne and Lafayette.  
Along its banks, the partisan,  
McLane,<sup>3</sup> oft raided with his clan;  
Or Morgan,<sup>4</sup> with his riflemen,  
Struck sudden blow from rock or glen;  
Or Fitz,<sup>5</sup> marauded with his band;  
And here were borne across the land,  
The muffled sounds of deadly din  
From Brandywine and Warren's Inn,

And from the red field of Paoli  
The wail of massacre unholy!<sup>6</sup>

Where yonder upward floating fleece  
Betokens industry and peace,  
Is Valley Forge—whose landscape bright  
Knew once a darkly warlike sight;  
Across whose quiet fields and wood,  
Run remnants of intrenchments rude;  
Whose smiling meadows felt the tread  
Of those who at each footstep bled;  
Whose healthful breezes bore the breath  
Of famine, pestilence and death.  
O tale of hunger, pain and care,  
Of bleeding feet and wasted forms,  
Of nakedness and wintry storms,  
Of heroism, death and prayer!—  
Thou art a glorious memory,  
To teach the worth of liberty!  
And heirs of liberty should here  
Their stateliest votive offering rear.<sup>7</sup>





"SHEER UPWARD FROM THE RIVER'S RIM  
RISE WINDOWED BUILDINGS, TALL AND GRIM,  
LONG LOOP-HOLD FORTRESSES OF WORK,"



## VIII.

Leaping the dam with swift descent,  
Now is the Schuylkill's deep course bent,  
Beside that town of bustling fame,  
Which has despoiled the stream its name.<sup>8</sup>  
Sheer upward from the river's rim,  
Rise windowed buildings, tall and grim,  
Long loop-holed fortresses of work—  
Which are by day forbidding sight,  
The stern abodes of grime and murk;  
But, magically transformed, at night,  
Are bright illumined palaces;  
Whose reflex in the water gleams,  
And to the night-train traveller seems  
The glimmering lamps of Naiades.

Full madly here is scattered round  
A wondrous revelry of sound—  
The whirl of wheels, the engine's stroke,  
The music wild of jack and loom—  
And chimneys here belch fire and smoke  
And change the sky from light to gloom;  
Until appears a battle fought,



Though peaceful are the triumphs wrought :  
And, warlike picture to complete,  
    Dark with the blood of textures dyed,  
    Below is seen the purpling tide,  
Erewhile so clear, and fresh and sweet.

## I X.

From scenes of undulating charm—  
By villa proud and pleasant farm—  
The Wissahickon's waters flow.  
They flow 'neath bridges, broad and low,  
Or lofty span of airy strength,  
Which graceful lifts its leaping length;  
Or, summer days, 'neath veil of haze,  
Where cross, perchance, the viewless fays.  
By groves where forest giants vie  
In bold desire to pierce the sky;  
By dense dark banks precipitous,  
Of spruce, and fir, and larch, and rhus;  
By lightning smitten pine-trunks prone;  
By boulders, guardians of the scene,—  
    Their bare gray faces, cold and stern,  
Save where by bearding moss o'ergrown;





"BY GLEN AND POOL, AND SHADOWY SHORE."

Their feet warm wrapped in jungle green  
Of bush, and shrub, and feathery fern:  
By glen, and pool, and shadowy shore;  
By cliffs with garnets jewelled o'er—  
Resorts of ghostly visitants;  
By antique mills, and hermit's haunts;  
By monasteric ruin old,  
Abode of pious mystic fold;  
By mines and legendary caves;  
By battle-field and patriot graves.

They flow, wise messages to bring  
Unto the Schuylkill listening;  
For, good monk Kelpius ere he died  
Into the Wissahickon's tide  
Cast Wisdom's stone;<sup>9</sup> and near, one morn,  
The star-sage Rittenhouse was born;<sup>10</sup>  
And whence its forming streamlets come,  
The learned Pastorious had his home.<sup>11</sup>

## X.

O natal village!<sup>12</sup> dear to me  
Thy name, and fame, and people are;

Thou shalt, wherever shines my star,  
The still attracting centre be:  
(For little matter where we roam,  
Our childhood's home is still our home).  
I love the tales, though trite and old,  
So often by thy firesides told:  
Of Schronk, the doughty fisherman,  
Famous with line, and net, and seine;<sup>13</sup>  
Of Neef, the child of nature plain,  
Apostle Pestalozzian;<sup>14</sup>  
Of White, the prophet-souled and brave,  
Who melted first to heat and light,  
And to our homes and workshops gave  
The stony-hearted Anthracite;<sup>15</sup>  
Of Smith, the provost and divine,  
Who learning loved, and dinners fine;<sup>16</sup>  
Of Sims, who ate from golden plate,—  
The wealthy lord of broad estate;<sup>17</sup>  
Of Carson—blessings on his head!—  
Who succoring came in hour of dread.<sup>18</sup>

## X I

Here welcome-looking hostelries,  
Well porched, and shadowed well by trees,  
For sun-escaping pilgrims planned,  
Back from the dusty road-way stand:  
On one side sheds in semi-square,  
Upon the other garden fair;  
And, in the fore-ground,—vision cool,  
Refreshing as Siloah's pool,—  
The horse-trough, gnawed and green inlaid,  
Beneath a willow's grateful shade,  
Where horses, with a queer surprise,  
    Look down into the water rare,  
And see, strange sight for horses' eyes,  
    Their curious selves reflected there;  
Or with the children, charmed, behold,  
Fish clad in silver, red, and gold.

Far-famed these inns through many a year  
For hospitality and cheer,  
For bill of fare peculiar here—  
Catfish, and coffee, beefsteak fine,  
Broiled chicken, waffles, and good wine.

Such fare Savarin<sup>19</sup> sure would glad,  
Or drive a monk with pleasure mad.

## XII.

Above the highway rising bold,  
The pillared Mifflin house behold!<sup>20</sup>  
Where once a score of fountains played,  
And acres spread of lordly shade;  
And deer forgot their woodland home,  
So wide their limits were to roam;  
Where men and dames of high degree  
Were often wont of old to be.

Once had this place for me weird charm,  
Even though not free from some alarm.  
Come shuddering now the stories told  
Of ghostly figures strutting bold;  
Of dark recess, and double floor,  
And never-shutting chamber door;  
Of noises strange, and flashing light,  
Oft heard and seen at dead of night.

Alas! O age degenerate!

All that once fascinated here



Has yielded—ignominious fate!  
Unto the reign of lager beer.

## XIII.

Above the creek upon the hill,  
I see the yellow school house still;  
Still standing where of old it stood,  
Surrounded by a pleasant wood,  
Though by its side, a grander mate  
Has reared its haughtier head of late.  
How fondly memory recalls  
The joys I knew around these walls!  
For here, in lusty game of ball,  
    With young athletes, I strove to win,  
While urging shouts, and words of gall,  
    Around produced a Babel din;  
Here chased the girls for boyhood's bliss—  
And manhood's, too, sometimes—a kiss:  
Here fought, as older children fight,  
For some imaginary right;  
Or, for some fancied injury;  
Or, champion of a clan to be;

Or, wanting cause belligerent,  
Sometimes to give my spirits vent.

Some ills, that in these walls I knew,  
Come back, but not so fondly, too:—  
The master on my shrinking back,  
Oft laid his strap with hearty whack;  
    While quoting, harder this to bear,  
    With solemn tantalizing air,  
To spare the rod 's to spoil the child.  
Thus, knowledge, in instalments small,  
    Got through my flagellated skin,  
    As medicines get the system in  
By method epidermical.

#### XIV.

Where once, with many a toss and quiver,  
Went tumbling down the Noisy River<sup>21</sup>  
Stood near, of old, a building quaint,  
St. Davids named, from Welchmen's saint;<sup>22</sup>  
Its warriors were some fishing friends,  
Who sought good health and pleasure's ends;  
Who battles fought, and victories won,



“ WHERE ONCE, WITH MANY A TOSS AND QUIVER,  
WENT TUMBLING DOWN THE NOISY RIVER,  
STOOD NEAR OF OLD A BUILDING QUAIN'T,  
ST. DAVIDS NAMED, FROM WELCHMEN’S SAINT,”



In strife of gastronome and fun.  
Its flagstaff tall a banner bore,  
With moon, and fish, and crown, spread o'er.  
Within its goodly dining-hall,  
Great pictures hung upon the wall,—  
And it was queerly decorate,  
    With hat immense, and mighty bowl—  
    The frequent source of “flow of soul;”—  
    With trappings strange, and costly ware,—  
    Wineglasses and decanters rare,  
And curious armorial plate.

The fort of timber rude and strong  
Was built, and time and tempest long  
Withstood, but bowed in fire and smoke,  
At last, unto the Hessian's stroke ;  
A dark revenge for treason here—  
    To king the treason, not to right—  
    Hatched often on symposial night,  
Around convivial board of cheer.

## X V.

Sternly commanded to retrace  
The route by which their haughty race

Ancestral, centuries before,  
Had come on conqering tide of war,<sup>23</sup>  
Tradition tells—a sad-voiced tale—  
How clung the Indians to this vale.<sup>24</sup>  
Fast to its many beauties grew  
The tendrils of their hearts, who knew  
The loveliness of nature best.  
Ah! fiercely cruel the behest,  
Even though it came not from a foe,  
Which bade them from these charms to go.  
The music of the *Falls* no more  
Should witch them to the rocky shore,  
Nor lull at nightfall unto rest  
The tumult of each savage breast.  
They here the fish should seine and spear  
No more; nor near hunt bear and deer;  
Nor more should they, in light canoe,  
Cleave swift the cascade's dangers through.

Here throve the long leaved osier fair,  
    With which they curious baskets made,  
With berries decked and minerals rare.  
Here, in the shelving rock are worn

Great indentations, where, 'tis said,  
The squaws with pestles pounded corn.  
Oft have I, in imagining,  
Heard through these woods the war whoop ring;  
The bow's twang heard, or lullaby  
Sung to papooses hung on tree;  
And oft I, on these shores well known,  
My boyhood's frequent tramping-ground,  
Have traces of the red man found—  
In axe, or arrow head of stone,  
Or queer carved implement of bone,  
Or half obliterated mound.

## XVI.

Preserved by the protecting arms  
Of Fairmount—loveliest retreat  
E'er granted unto city feet—  
Full many of the Schuylkill's charms,  
Unaltered, shall transmitted be  
To fortunate posterity.  
  
Here stone and bronze commemorate  
The wise and brave, the good and great;



Here fountains scatter sparkling spray,  
And springs well freshness by the way;  
Here wind embowered gravel walks,  
Just made for low-voiced dual talks,  
And bridle-paths through wood and mead  
To sylvan nooks sequestered lead;  
And here ravines, which art disdain,  
Still scarce permit man's feet profane.  
From these proud hills, the Delaware,  
Far to the east, the sight beguiles,  
While near, the Schuylkill, vision fair  
Of bluff, and boat, and arch, and isles,  
Flows broad and lucid; and, between,  
The city's pillars, domes, and spires,  
And shafts, and wreaths from countless fires—  
A vision glorious—are seen.  
Here, over forest, field, and fen,  
Once stretched the manor lands of Penn;<sup>25</sup>  
Here strayed the bard, and happy lot,  
Found sweet contentment in a cot;<sup>26</sup>  
And hither, in eclipse of fame,  
A Bonaparte and Bourbon came.<sup>27</sup>  
Beneath the hemlocks of Belmont,



HERE FOUNTAINS SCATTER SPARKLING SPRAY,  
AND SPRINGS WELL FRESHNESS BY THE WAY.



Freedom's nobility were wont  
To seek repose, and friendship fit,  
In Peters—jurist, statesman, wit.<sup>28</sup>  
And here, from wondering shore to shore,  
Franklin sent fire electric o'er  
The Schuylkill's waves;<sup>29</sup> but even he,  
Though dreamer bold, saw not what we  
Behold, and no amazement know—  
    This self-same force o'er oceans wide,  
    And lands which oceans broad divide,  
Speeding the world's news to and fro.

Here pass along, as on a stage,  
    A gay kaleidoscopic crowd,—  
Proud wealth in haughty equipage,  
    And poverty a-foot, as proud.  
Out from the town's wide open doors  
A human current ceaseless pours;  
Come sage and student, flying schools,  
    The lore of stream, and earth, and air,  
To learn, uncramped by roof or rules;  
    Mechanic, glad an hour to share  
    With nature, free from work and care;

Doctor discarding recipes;  
And lawyer losing sight of fees;  
Soft youthlings flirting o'er croquet,  
And romping boys and girls at play.

## XVII.

Behold above the Schuylkill's strand,  
Well wrought with toil of brain and hand,  
To fame a nation's hundred years,  
A camp of palaces appears!

The impulse given when here the flag  
Of Independence was unfurled,  
Has been a spur to prick a world,  
Which in its march began to lag;  
And now, that impulse grateful for,  
Behold the world is at our door!—  
Brought by the century's steam winged ships,  
Gifts in its hands, thanks on its lips.  
Come Spaniard, Latin, Teuton, Russ,  
Briton and Gaul—harmonious,  
And Oriental, with salaam,  
Homage to pay to Uncle Sam.



“THE IMPULSE GIVEN WHEN HERE THE FLAG  
OF INDEPENDENCE WAS UNFURLED,  
HAS BEEN A SPUR TO PRICK A WORLD,  
WHICH IN ITS MARCH BEGAN TO LAG.”









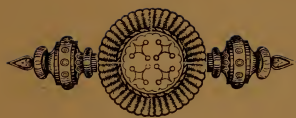
"COLUMBIA'S STATUE TOWERING O'ER  
 YON PROUDLY CURVED MEMORIAL DOME,  
 IS HAILED BY EVERY HEART ONCE MORE,  
 EMBLEM OF COUNTRY AND OF HOME."

Science, and art, and industry,  
Their fruitage send by land and sea ;  
From azure Rhine, from Seine and Rhone,  
    From Neva 'neath the northern star,  
    From ancient Nile, and Murray far,  
From Indus, Thames, and Amazon ;  
And from far streams of our own land ;  
For, from St. John's to Rio Grande,  
Columbia's statute towering o'er  
    Yon proudly curved Memorial dome,  
Is hailed by every heart once more,  
    Emblem of country and of home.  
Naught to disturb each current clear,  
Again the blood of Cavalier  
Contented flows, in peaceful tide,  
The blood of Puritan beside.  
Recalling now a common Past,  
    The strivings of the less remote  
    By one supreme, fraternal vote,  
Into forgetfulness are cast.

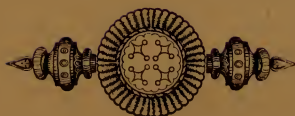
Let cannon peal, and clang of bell,  
The martial note, the organ's swell,

And thousand-throated human song,  
Send joy exultant Heaven along !  
But let us not, in our delight,  
Grow weak; lest, to our failings blind,  
Like favored Israel we find  
Ourselves the hardest foes to fight.





# NOTES.







## NOTES.

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### NOTE I—PAGE 5.

*Sung by the heaven-tipped pen of Moore,  
Touched by the magic wand of Read.*

Tom. Moore has made the Schuylkill a familiar stream to readers of poetry, both at home and abroad, through several well known poems which were written during his sojourn in America, in 1803 and 1804. One of these is entitled

#### LINES WRITTEN ON LEAVING PHILADELPHIA.

- "Alone by the Schuylkill a wanderer roved,  
And bright were its flowery banks to his eye;  
But far, very far were the friends that he loved,  
And he gazed on its flowery banks with a sigh.
- "Oh Nature, though blessed and bright are thy rays,  
O'er the brow of creation enchantingly thrown,  
Yet faint are they all to the lustre that plays  
In a smile from the heart that is fondly our own.
- "Nor long did the soul of the stranger remain  
Unblest by the smile he had languished to meet;  
Though scarce did he hope it would soothe him again,  
Till the threshold of home had been prest by his feet.
- "But the lays of his boyhood had stol'n to their ear,  
And they loved what they knew of so humble a name;  
And they told him, with flattery welcome and dear,  
That they found in his heart something better than fame.
- "Nor did woman—oh woman! whose form and whose soul  
Are the spell and the light of each path we pursue;  
Whether sunned in the tropics, or chilled at the pole  
If woman be there, there is happiness too:—
- "Nor did she her enamouring magic deny,—  
May its magic his heart had relinquished so long,—  
Like eyes he had loved was *her* eloquent eye,  
Like them did it soften and weep at his song.
- "Oh, blest be the tear, and in memory oft  
May its sparkle be shed o'er the wanderer's dream;  
Thrice blest be that eye, and may passion as soft  
As free from a pang, ever mellow its beam!
- "The stranger is gone—but he will not forget,  
When at home he shall talk of the toils he has known,  
To tell, with a sigh, what endearments he met,  
As he strayed by the wave of the Schuylkill alone."



In a poetical epistle to the Honourable W. R. Spencer, Moore again pleasantly refers to the Schuylkill in the following lines:

"Believe me, Spencer, while I wing'd the hours  
Where Schuylkill winds his way through banks of flowers,  
Though few the days, the happy evenings few,  
So warm with heart, so rich with mind they flew,  
That my charmed soul forgot its wish to roam,  
And rested there as in a dream of home.  
And looks I met, like looks I'd loved before,  
And voices too, which as they trembled o'er  
The chord of memory, found full many a tone  
Of kindness these in concord with their own.  
Yes—we had nights of that communion free,  
That flow of heart, which I have known with thee  
So oft, so warmly; nights of mirth and mind,  
Of whims that taught, and follies that refined."

Finally, while among the enchantments of the Schuylkill, the poet composed the well known *Ballad Stanzas*, which have given rise to the tradition of "Moore's Cottage," in Fairmount Park:

"I knew by the smoke that so gracefully curled  
Above the green elms, that a cottage was near,  
And I said, 'If there's peace to be found in the world,  
A heart that was humble might hope for it here!'"

"It was noon, and on flowers that languished around  
In silence reposed the voluptuous bee;  
Every leaf was at rest, and I heard not a sound  
But the woodpecker tapping the hollow beech-tree.

"And, 'Here in this lone little wood,' I exclaimed,  
'With a maid who was lovely to soul and to eye,  
'Who would blush when I praised her, and weep if I blamed,  
'How blest could I live, and how calm could I die!'"

"By the shade of yon sumach, whose red berry dips  
'In the gush of the fountain, how sweet to recline,  
'And to know that I sighed upon innocent lips,  
'Which had never been sighed on by any but mine!'"

The scenes of Thomas Buchanan Read's *Wagoner of the Alleghanies* are chiefly laid on the banks of the Schuylkill, between Philadelphia and Valley Forge; and the same author, in *The New Pastoral*, gracefully honors our highly favored stream:

"The Schuylkill, sacred to the barge of mirth,  
Its green banks consecrate to pleasure's paths,  
Winds into sight with many a silvery curve;  
And at the breast-work, with a ceaseless voice,  
Rustles the music which its waters learned  
On mountain wilds remote, where Carbon's hills  
Hear in their inmost heart the miner's stroke.  
Behold the mound by art and nature reared,  
'Fairmount!' in whose tall top the waters lie  
Lifted as in a great baptismal font;  
The height from whence the river deity  
Pours, from his giant and refreshing urn,  
The stream which slakes a grateful city's thirst."

## NOTE 2—PAGE 17.

*From home of Audubon, and grave  
Of Muhlenberg, the parson brave.*

The celebrated naturalist, John James Audubon, the "Genius of the woods," had his home—or, perhaps, it would be better to say, his nest—for a short time on a farm or plantation, which had been presented to him by his father, and which was situated on Perkiomen Creek.

At Collegeville, or the Trappe, in Montgomery county, Pennsylvania, along the old Ridge Road, and not far from Perkiomen Creek, is an ancient and quaint-looking church; and connected with it is a burial-ground, in which rest the remains of Major-General Peter Gabriel Muhlenberg, one of our most gallant Revolutionary leaders. General Muhlenberg, who was born at the Trappe,—at the breaking out of the Revolution was officiating as an Episcopal clergyman at Woodstock, Virginia; but soon exchanged his clerical robes for the uniform of the soldier. The story of the manner in which he made this exchange is well known. In his last sermon before entering the army, he told his hearers that the time to preach had gone by, and that now was the time to fight; and throwing back his clerical robes, he displayed himself arrayed in full uniform, and called for recruits, many responding to his appeal.

## NOTE 3—PAGE 17.

*Along its banks the partisan  
McLane, oft raided with his clan.*

Colonel Allen McLane was a famous American partisan leader during the war of Independence. During the occupation of Philadelphia by the British, he was constantly scouring the upper end of Bucks and Montgomery counties, to cut off scouting parties of the enemy and intercept their supplies of provisions. We are told in *Watson's Annals of Philadelphia and Pennsylvania*, that on the night

of the Meschianza—a grand entertainment given by the officers of General Howe's army—McLane, with a small body of men, set fire to the whole line of abatis in front of the British redoubts, and then fled to the wilds of the Wissahickon, where he was pursued by the British horse. In his retreat he was compelled to swim his horse across the Schuylkill, when some of Morgan's riflemen came to his assistance. He then turned upon his pursuers, and drove them back into their lines near the city.

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## NOTE 4—PAGE 17.

*Or Morgan, with his riflemen,  
Struck sudden blow from rock or glen.*

The Morgan here alluded to is General Daniel Morgan, of the Virginia Line of the Army of the United States, whose command is well known in Revolutionary annals as "Morgan's Riflemen." While Washington was at Valley Forge, and the British in Philadelphia, this regiment observed the country east of Radnor, between the Schuylkill and Derby Creek to the Delaware. After the unsuccessful attempt of the British to surprise LaFayette at Barren Hill, May 20, 1778, they were pursued by Morgan to Philadelphia.—*Graham's Life of Morgan.*

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## NOTE 5—PAGE 17.

*Or Fitz marauded with his band.*

Jim Fitzpatrick, or Captain Fitz, as he was called, before the Revolution was a blacksmith near Downingtown. On the breaking out of the war, he at first joined the American army, from which he deserted, and became a tory leader or bandit. He was a noted desperado, the Rob Roy McGregor of Chester county, and kept the community in which his daring exploits were performed, in a constant state of terror. He was at length betrayed by a woman, at whose house he was stopping; and was taken to Chester, where he was tried, condemned, and executed.

## NOTE 6—PAGE 18.

*And here were borne across the land,  
The muffled sounds of deadly din  
From Brandywine and Warren's Inn,  
And from the red field of Paoli  
The wail of massacre unholy!*

The cannonading at the Battle of Brandywine, was heard at Philadelphia and its vicinity. Read, in the *Wagoner of the Alleghanies*, refers to this fact in the following lines, the place alluded to being "Berkley Hall," which the poet locates near the banks of the Schuylkill :

"Round all the wide horizon's bar  
There lay no growing cloud to mar  
The brightness of the autumn day;  
And yet the soft air felt the jar  
Of thunder rolling from afar,  
And shuddered in its pale dismay."

Warren's Inn, and Paoli, the scenes of well known encounters during the Revolution, are in Chester county, not very remote from the Schuylkill.

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## NOTE 7—PAGE 18.

*And heirs of liberty should here  
Their stateliest votive offering rear.*

A monumental shaft should certainly be erected to commemorate the pathetic and glorious story of Valley Forge.

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## NOTE 8—PAGE 19.

*Beside that town of bustling fame,  
Which has despoiled the stream its name.*

One of the Indian names of the Schuylkill was *Manayung* or *Manaiunk*, which means "our place of drinking." According to a tradition, the Indians called the river the "Mother," and "Maiden Creek," a branch of the Schuylkill above Reading, was called *Onteelaunee*, meaning the little daughter of a great mother. The name "Schuylkill" is supposed to have been given to the river by the Dutch, and means "Hidden River,"—the stream not being visible at its mouth as you ascend the Delaware.—*Watson*.

## NOTE 9—PAGE 21.

*For, good monk Kelpius ere he died,  
 Into the Wissahickon's tide  
 Cast Wisdom's stone.*

John Kelpius was a scholar and a mystic, who had studied Helmstadt under Dr. Fabricus, and was versed in the languages. He came to this country with his followers about the close of the seventeenth century, and located himself on the banks of the Wissahickon, where he dwelt in religious meditation, awaiting with anxious prayers the coming of the "*Woman of the Wilderness.*"—Keyser's "*Fairmount Park.*"

He was the possessor of a stone of supposed miraculous powers, which, just before his death, he is said to have cast into the Wissahickon.

"Or painful Kelpius from his hermit den  
 By Wissahickon, maddest of good men,  
 Dreamed o'er the Chiliast dreams of Petersen.

"Deep in the woods, where the small river slid  
 Snake-like in shade, the Helmstadt Mystic hid,  
 Weird as a wizard over arts forbid.

"Reading the books of Daniel and of John,  
 And Behmen's Morning-Redness through the Stone  
 Of Wisdom, vouchsafed to his eyes alone,

"Whereby he read what man ne'er read before,  
 And saw the visions man shall see no more,  
 Till the great angel striding sea and shore,

"Shall bid all flesh await, on land or ships,  
 The warning trump of the Apocalypse  
 Shattering the heavens before the dread eclipse."

—Whittier's *Pennsylvania Pilgrim.*

## NOTE 10—PAGE 21.

\* \* \* *And near, one morn,  
 The star sage, Rittenhouse, was born.*

The American astronomer, David Rittenhouse, was born within a short distance of Wissahickon creek; near which his ancestors, in 1590, erected the first American paper-mill.



## NOTE 11—PAGE 21.

*The learned Pastorius had his home.*

Francis Daniel Pastorius, LL.D., was a highly educated German, author of several volumes, and master of a number of languages. He came to America in 1585, as the agent of the Frankfort Land Company, which originated in a circle of intelligent and cultivated Mystics or Pietists. This company bought of William Penn a tract of land near Philadelphia, which included the present Germantown and its vicinity. Pastorius joined the Society of Friends, and eventually became the head and law-giver of the Germantown settlement. In 1588, he drew up a memorial against negro slavery, which was adopted by the Friends' Meeting, both at Germantown and Philadelphia, and was the first protest of this kind made by a religious body. He is the chief character in Whittier's poem, *The Pennsylvania Pilgrim*.—Professor Oswald Seidensticker, in the *Penn Monthly*, and *Notes to Whittier's Pennsylvania Pilgrim*.

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## NOTE 12—PAGE 21.

*O natal village!*      \*      \*      \*

The *Falls of Schuylkill*, or the village of *The Falls*, as it is sometimes termed.

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## NOTE 13—PAGE 22.

*Of Schronk, the doughty fisherman,  
Famous with line, and net, and seine.*

Godfrey Schronk was a noted fisherman, who passed a long life at the Falls of Schuylkill, or Fort St. Davids, as it was called in his earlier days. Many of his descendants still live at the *Falls*; and often, when a boy, I have listened by their firesides, with interest and admiration, to their recital of his wonderful piscatorial achievements.

## NOTE 14—PAGE 22.

*Of Neef, the child of nature plain,  
Apostle Pestalozzian.*

Joseph Neef was a pupil of Pestalozzi, of Switzerland. He was brought to this country about the year 1809, by Mr. William McClure, the philosopher. He kept school for several years in the "Octagon," or "Smith's Folly," as it was sometimes called, a building which belonged to the Smith estate, and stood upon the brow of a hill overlooking the Ridge Road. It was torn down a few years ago, and its site has recently been quarried away. Neef was, indeed, a child of nature, and a jolly pedagogue. He took part in all the sports of his boys, and taught without books, using slates, black-boards and other contrivances. When roaming the country with his boys, as was often his custom, he encouraged them to hunt for curious plants, flowers, minerals, etc., about which he would talk to them.—*Early History of the Falls of Schuylkill, etc., by Charles V. Hagner.*

Henry Pestalozzi, or Pestaluz, was a Swiss philosopher, who was born in 1745, and died in 1827. He was the inventor of a new mode of instruction for youth, and was the author of several valuable works, in which he advanced his peculiar ideas on the subject of education. He was highly honored by his own and other nations, and carried on his plans of tuition under the patronage of the Helvetic government, at Stanz, Berne, and other places in Switzerland.

## NOTE 15—PAGE 22.

*Of White, the prophet-souled and brave,  
Who melted first to heat and light,  
And to our homes and workshops gave  
The stony-hearted Anthracite.*

Hagner, in his history of the *Falls*, speaks of the Josiah White here referred to, as one of the most energetic, far-seeing men he ever knew—one of those who are always pushing out ahead of the age in which they live. He built rolling-mills and wire factories; he contrived grates for utilizing anthracite coal, and he originated the Schuylkill



Navigation Company, the Fairmount dam and water-works, and the Lehigh Navigation Company. It was in the rolling-mill of White & Hazard that the first practically successful use of anthracite coal was made. It is said that on a certain occasion, after the hands in the mill had been for a long time trying, without success, to make the anthracite coal burn, they became exasperated, threw a large quantity of the "black stones" into the furnace, shut the doors, and left the mill; but one of them, going back a short time afterward, for a jacket which he had left in the mill, discovered a tremendous fire in the furnace. He immediately called all hands, and they ran through the rolls three separate heats of iron with that one fire. It was thus discovered that all anthracite coal wanted to ignite it was time, and to be "let alone."

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## NOTE 16—PAGE 22.

*Of Smith, the provost and divine,  
Who learning loved, and dinners fine.*

Dr. Smith, an eminent Episcopalian divine, and first Provost of the College (now the University) of Pennsylvania, resided at the Falls, in the house now occupied by Dr. J. K. Uhler. It is related that the Doctor, who was celebrated, among other things, for his fondness of good dinners, once undertook to reprimand Godfrey Schronk for fishing on a Sunday—when Schronk replied, "Doctor, if your dinner was at the bottom of the Schuylkill, you you would be very apt to fish for it."—*Hagner*.

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## NOTE 17—PAGE 22.

*Of Sims, who ate from golden plate,  
The wealthy lord of broad estate.*

Joseph Sims, a man of large wealth, had a fine country seat, many years ago, where North Laurel Hill Cemetery now extends. According to a tradition, which I have heard Prof. Wm. Wagner and others recount, his family frequently dined from golden plate, or from silver plate in-lined with gold.

## NOTE 18—PAGE 22.

*Of Carson—blessings on his head !  
Who succoring came, in hour of dread.*

Dr. Joseph Carson, now and for many years Professor of Materia Medica and Pharmacy, in the University of Pennsylvania, was reared at the Falls of Schuylkill. The public school buildings are upon the old Carson property. During the cholera epidemic of 1832, Prof. Carson, who had just returned from India, rendered valuable service both at the Falls and Manayunk.

## NOTE 19—PAGE 23.

*Such fare Savarin sure would glad.*

Brillat Savarin, a distinguished French writer, publicist and gastronome, who was born in 1755, and died in 1826. He was the author of a curious book, entitled *The Physiology of Taste*; or, *Transcendental Gastronomy*.

## NOTE 20—PAGE 24.

*Above the highway, rising bold,  
The pillared Mifflin house behold.*

The mansion once occupied by the soldier and statesman, Thomas Mifflin, the first Governor of Pennsylvania, under the new constitution, is still standing at the Falls of Schuylkill, in good preservation. It has become a hotel and lager-beer saloon, and has connected with it a brewery and vaults for storing the beer. It had the reputation of being haunted.

## NOTE 21—PAGE 26.

*Where once, with many a toss and quiver,  
Went tumbling down the Noisy River.*

One of the Indian names of the Schuylkill was *Ganshe-wehanna*, the "Noisy Water," so called because, before the building of Fairmount dam, the river was subject to the rise and fall of the tide; which made, at places where its bed was irregular and rocky, falls or descents, where, at the going out of the tide, the water ran or fell with some violence or shock.—*Keyser*.

## NOTE 22—PAGE 26.

*St. Davids named, from Welchmen's saint.*

Early in the last century a number of Philadelphia gentlemen, among whom were many Welchmen, built a fishing house at the foot of a hill, and by the side of the old falls. To this house and the society which met in it, the name "Fort St. Davids" was given, in honor of the patron saint of Wales. John Dickinson, the author of the *Farmer's Letters*, and one of our country's most distinguished patriots, was a member of this society. The Falls of Schuylkill was known in old times as *Fort St. Davids*. An interesting account of this establishment is given in *Hagner's History of the Falls*.

## NOTE 23—PAGE 28.

*Sternly commanded to retrace  
The route by which their haughty race  
Ancestral, centuries before,  
Had come on conquering tide of war.*

According to a tradition among the Lenni-Lennapee, or "original people," their ancestors, in past ages, had emigrated eastward from the Mississippi, conquering and expelling, on their way, the race of "mound-builders."

## NOTE 24—PAGE 28.

*Tradition tells—a sad-voiced tale—  
How clung the Indians to this vale.*

The Falls of Schuylkill is said to have been the last spot deserted by the Indians, who inhabited this part of the United States.

## NOTE 25—PAGE 30.

*Here, over forest, field, and fen,  
Once stretched the manor lands of Penn.*

The estate or manor of Lansdowne, once the property of Governor John Penn, contained two hundred acres, extending from Sweet-Brier, in Fairmount Park, to Belmont and George's Hill.

## NOTE 26—PAGE 30.

*Here strayed the bard, and, happy lot,  
Found sweet contentment in a cot.*

Tom Moore.

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## NOTE 27—PAGE 30.

*And hither, in eclipse of fame,  
A Bonaparte and Bourbon came.*

Lansdowne mansion was for a time the residence of Joseph Bonaparte, ex-king of Spain, and Louis Phillippe was a guest of Judge Peters, at Belmont.

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## NOTE 28—PAGE 31.

*Beneath the hemlocks of Belmont,  
Freedom's nobility were wont  
To seek repose, and friendship fit,  
In Peters—jurist, statesman, wit.*

Belmont, in Fairmount Park, was the birth-place and residence of the distinguished Judge Richard Peters. "On this place, twenty-five years ago, was still standing what Downing describes as the grandest avenue of hemlocks in America. These trees were centenarians, in the perfection of their growth, ninety feet high, some draped with immense masses of English ivy."—*Keyser*.

All the notable men of the post-Revolutionary time, who resided in or near Philadelphia, or who visited the city, became the guest of Judge Peters, who has been designated as "a patriot, legislator, and jurist, and a pioneer in the agriculture of Pennsylvania. He wrote excellent songs, told the best story, and was regarded as the most noted wit of his time."—*Col. Forney's Anecdotes*.

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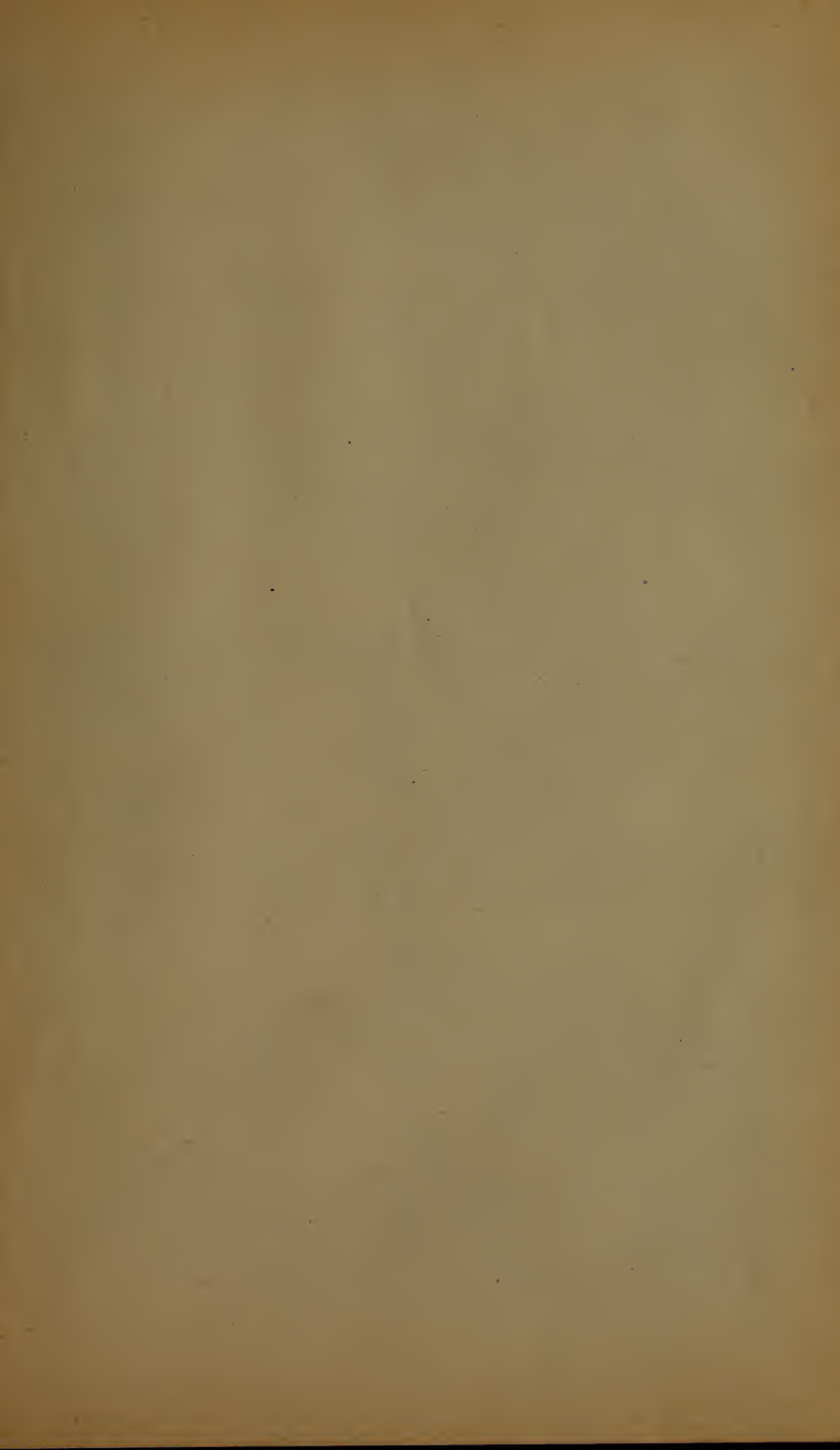
## NOTE 29—PAGE 31.

*And here, from wondering shore to shore,  
Franklin sent fire electric o'er  
The Schuylkill's waves.*

Franklin, writing to Peter Collinson, in 1748, says "Spirits, at the same time, are to be fired by a spark sent from side to side through the river, without any other conductor than the water; an experiment which we some time since performed, to the amazement of many."—*Par-ton's Life and Times of Benjamin Franklin*.













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